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He was of course, what Aunt Polly had insisted on sleeping over the roof of her countless wrappings strewn about in every corner, but, most of all, her own peculiar figure. For Aunt Polly was an animated character, whose degrees of heat and cold were marked by a succession of capes. In the heat of the summer she wore one; but, as the temperature grew colder, she added another, and another, and another, until she was wearing a succession of capes, a trifle smaller than the last. This she wore her maximum number, to protect her during her chilly ride. Now I wished that she would have herself the inconvenience of the journey? Then her false front, with its rows of curls clinging to her head like icicles to the eaves of a house, had a vexatious habit of slipping down over her forehead, as if the shocking cap, with its half-fledged bow, filled it with disgust, and it wished to escape from such neighborhood.

Drawing a mental comparison between the two, Aunt Polly looked at the gentlemanly bearing of the young student from Yale. I re-entered the sitting-room in time to hear Aunt Polly's concluding remarks. "I thought you were a most excellent lawyer, and made me long before the world found his record," she remarked.

Having relieved her feeling by this obituary, she drew her snuff-box from her pocket, and giving it such a scientific tapping as would have disgraced a woodpecker, proceeded to take a puff of snuff.

"You find your stay in Woodford agreeable?" said I, eagerly seizing the opportunity for conversing while she was thus employed. "I am enjoying it exceedingly," he replied. "I think I never."

No mortal could have heard the conclusion of this remark, for Aunt Polly was indulging in a vehement fit of sneezing.

"My Aunt's blue eyes twinkled in spite of him, but the rest of his face was profoundly red. "I am terribly afflicted," sighed Aunt Polly again, after an energetic use of her handkerchief, with a virago in my head."

It was my private opinion that the disease affected her entire person. She went on, "I am terribly afflicted," sighed Aunt Polly again, after an energetic use of her handkerchief, with a virago in my head."

"What with a virago in my head, and discolored in my face, I think my feelings are about as bad to hear as those of Co's martyr."

Verily, pity is a cardinal virtue, and Aunt Polly lavished it upon herself most ungrudgingly.

"Well, well, Polly," said my father, cheerily, "you're a little used up from your day's ride. A night's rest will do you good."

Aunt Polly shook her head defiantly, performed another woodpecker tap upon the snuff-box, and regally set forth with her second pillow, and graciously declared:

"I feel that I am not long for this world, but I shall not leave it until I have performed my duty to the world."

I perceived that the schoolmaster was making the most self-denying effort to control his rambles. As for me, my feelings were about as bad to hear as those of Co's martyr."

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COOPER & BROS. Publishers.

HAZEL, GREEN, KY.,

Vol. 1, No. 1, 1887.

THE WEEKLY TICKET.

For the week ending July 1, 1887.

For the week ending July 8, 1887.

For the week ending July 15, 1887.

For the week ending July 22, 1887.

For the week ending July 29, 1887.

For the week ending August 5, 1887.

For the week ending August 12, 1887.

For the week ending August 19, 1887.

For the week ending August 26, 1887.

For the week ending September 2, 1887.

For the week ending September 9, 1887.

For the week ending September 16, 1887.

For the week ending September 23, 1887.

For the week ending September 30, 1887.

For the week ending October 7, 1887.

For the week ending October 14, 1887.

For the week ending October 21, 1887.

For the week ending October 28, 1887.

For the week ending November 4, 1887.

For the week ending November 11, 1887.

For the week ending November 18, 1887.

For the week ending November 25, 1887.

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For the week ending January 6, 1888.

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For the week ending February 3, 1888.

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For the week ending February 17, 1888.

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